

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY D. D. FISKE, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.—No. 6.]

CONCORD, N. H. FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1835.

[WHOLE No. 32.]

## SELECT TALES.

### THE VICTIM.

'Twas he who lured that graceful swan  
'Mong waves of agony,  
And cast o'er her the shadowy wain  
Of evil destiny.

Mary Travers was a native of the city of Belfast, in Ireland, when she with her two sisters, Jane and Aurelia, were long the reigning toasts among the gallants in their own walk of life. Unfortunately for one of the three, the fame of their beauty had travelled beyond the humble circle of their own rank. I shall not attempt to draw the portrait of my heroine, she was a beauty—the incarnation of deep feeling and confiding innocence. Mary Travers was but seventeen when she attracted the attention of the dissipated Captain Pottinger. Gay and endowed with that stateliness of form and those sparkling qualities, which though shallow are yet too apt to captivate the sex, what wonder that with his fashionable equipage and splendid uniform, he should have been able to win the attention, if not the heart, of Mary? Like Mercutio he had been the denizen of a corrupt court, but he was a Mercutio without his kindlier qualities. Deeply had he drunk of the poison-cup of dissipation, around which far and wide wither the noblest flowers of the pure heart; and now returned by leave of absence from his regiment to his native city and home, he might be said to be a streamlet from that poison-cup spreading far and wide wo and desolation. Such was the baleful hemlock 'neath which the frail violet of my story was doomed to droop and wither.

For three (to him) long months did the gay Captain flatter, and by every studied wile attempt to charm the bird from her native bower, but in vain—her heart was fortified by virtue, whose panoply employed will ever afford protection to the feeblest and the lowliest. With the cunning eye of the serpent he perceived that the gay-plumed bird could not be ensnared by flattery alone, that it must be by hypocrisy arrayed in the snowy garb of virtue.

Who shall describe the rapture of poor Mary Travers, when she saw the man whom she believed all that was honorable (alas the word!) and nobly at her feet—when beyond all her most sanguine expectations, her gallant lover claimed her as a soldier's bride?

"My father and mother are from home," said her lover, "and will be so for more than two weeks; we must be married at their house and in their absence, as they might otherwise object to our union, though they could not prevent it. You can come with any of your female acquaintances, and one of your sisters as bridesmaid; I will send the carriage for you all to-morrow morning—and at noon we shall be one forever."

Mary hesitated. "I must acquaint my father and mother ere I take so important a step;

why cannot we be married at their house? it is so much more natural. Do, dearest Frederick," said she, looking up into his face with her confiding blue eyes almost swimming in tears, "it will make them so happy." But alas, her reasons went for nought—he had more potent ones still. "Old people were so apt to entertain doubts and suspicions—they might refuse permission to their union unless ratified by his parents also." With such reasoning he soothed the fears of Mary—she consented and became his victim.

The morning dawned; the heart of Mary beat wildly against her bosom like a captive bird against the wires of its cage, to leave for the first time her father's home—to leave her sisters—to shut the wicket on the garden of childhood forever; more than all to take such an important step without the permission or approval of her parents. She had never transgressed their authority before, and she trembled. For the first time there passed over the Eden of love, which spread itself before her mind's eye and around her soul, a threatening, gloomy cloud, which made her tremble—nay, almost repent. Conscience slept not; but love, strong, first love, smothered her voice with his wing. "Bless me, father," said she, according to custom on first meeting him that important morning. A tear almost started as she received his parting blessing. Would that it had, for her heart was full and the avowal of her intentions trembled on her tongue. The tear, had it fallen, might have attracted the old man's attention, and his questions and commiseration might have elicited a saving concession. But it was not so. He blessed her, and in another hour her sister Aurelia as bridesmaid and another young school-companion had entered the Captain's carriage, which by agreement awaited them at the corner of the next street.

"Mary," said her husband as he secured the proofs of her marriage after the ceremony, "I have a proposal to make which will give you pain, but it must be complied with—we must depart immediately for London; the arrival of a letter by this morning's post has brought me the unwelcome and unexpected news, that my father and mother will be here by to-morrow noon. We must leave this spot long ere then and be on our road to London; otherwise fatal results to our happiness will be the consequence—may, said I?—nay, must. A travelling carriage awaits us in the avenue; you must bid farewell to your sister and pretty friend, and we will start immediately."

"Without bidding farewell to my father?—without telling him I am truly married?" said the imprudent bride; "never, never! Frederick; I love you deeply, madly—ay I fear too madly; but I cannot break their kind hearts; I cannot wed their grey heads to the darkness of the grave."

This burst of enthusiastic indignation, like the last flicker of the dying lamp, was too

strong for her senses and she fainted in his arms, for she was a child of passion and quivered like a leaf at the slightest impulse. As she recovered, his kind attentions—the tear that fell from his eye on her burning hand, (for even he could weep) the first she had ever seen him shed—disarmed her. She consented to leave father, mother, home, sisters and friends to share the fortunes of one who had become to her more than all. Long the sisters remained locked in each other's embrace; their tears were the tears of innocence, but they watered not the flowers of hope.

### Chapter II.

The second act of my story opens three months after the parting of Mary from her home. It is twelve at night, and she is sitting alone, pale and desolate—a foot is heard on the staircase of her sequestered dwelling, situated in the western suburbs of London. Can it be he? No. Another? Yes, now it is he! It was indeed Capt. Pottinger who entered, or rather rushed into the presence of his poor wife and threw himself in the arm chair.—"Lost two hundred guineas—ay, two hundred guineas—a pretty sum that for a disinherited son—disinherited all for your baby face and some others," muttered the gambler in an undertone to himself; "that face of yours even now, though pale as melancholy herself, might make my fortune—refused to participate in my pleasures—calling the theatre a temple of sin, and my honorable companions a set of ruffians. Madam, this will not do; we must turn over a new though darker leaf." Mary trembled violently, and her eye filled as she vainly tried to answer this brutal speech; yet even in her fear there was dignity. Well might her cheek be changed, her blue eye dimmed; her aged father's head was in the dust, and her mother was stretched on a bed of pain; and she the loved of all had been the cause of her father's death and her mother's sickness and sorrow. Her husband too had been disinherited by his father for his many delinquencies, nay, crimes; and their only subsistence was derived from her husband's half pay and the precarious fruits of the gambling-table; the first had been enough for the wants of nature, but it was quickly as received offered up on the shrine of the demon of gambling. At first her husband's behaviour to herself had been marked by every kindness and attention; but innocent love, which time softens down into esteem and affection, is unknown to the heart of the wicked. To them love may indeed wear a halo at first, but time turns it into a spring of evil that sears the brain and tortures the heart of its victim. Finding that she would not enter into his wicked career, nor join him in his hours of profligate revelry, he left her to brood over her misfortunes and weep the bitter tears of regret. But a severer trial awaited the devoted Mary—she was doomed to be severed from him whom she still loved, though she had found a demon under the disguise of an angel.

The Captain's leave of absence had expired. Deep in debt and without further credit, he saw no means of continuing his present career, to which he still clung with a phrensied grasp. He must join his regiment, (immediately bound for the West Indies,) if he wished to preserve the means of subsistence; and a letter from his Colonel hinted that his conduct was well known, and that the least hesitation on his part would lead to his instant dismissal.

It was a piercing night in December. Mary and her husband had been for the last half hour gazing on the dying embers of the handful of fire. The Captain's air was agitated, as he turned to her and hastily exclaimed, "Mary, I must join my regiment to-morrow, and you cannot accompany me."

"Not accompany you, Frederick! what mean you?" exclaimed his astonished victim, "Frederick, what mean you? Am I not your wedded wife—wedded before the altar of our God? and can you talk thus coolly of leaving me?"

"Yes, thanks to your immaculate virtue and my transcendent folly, we were married; but I know how to cut such bonds when they become troublesome;" and with rough violence he tore away the arms she had despairingly thrown about his neck, and thrusting the almost phrensied young creature from him, left the house. Heedless of his wretched wife's feeble health, or her helpless poverty, Capt. Pottinger left her to join his regiment on the morrow.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude."

Without bidding her farewell or leaving any provision for her subsistence, he departed.—What hardness may not the heart of man attain under the frost of sin! Adamant is not harder. For six weeks poor Mary lay in almost a lifeless state, but her misfortunes had softened those around her. Through the means of a letter found in her pocket-book the direction of her friends had been discovered; and her sister Aurelia had been her nurse during her long insensibility and delirium. I shall dwell no longer on this sad scene of a mournful story. Her heart was bruised, yet not broken—a sister's anxious love and time could heal it, and the smiles of hope dissolve its frost. Her father was no more, but the mother still lived. That thought made her turn with renewed hope, yet a saddened heart to the future.

"I shall never dare to look on my mother's meek face again, Aurelia; the very smile would upbraid me with my father's death, and with her own deep misery."

"Say not so," was her sister's oft repeated reply, "she, you well know, is ever kind and forgiving. Did not she rock us in the same cradle until her song drew the soft veil of slumber over our senses? You have erred, but not to the extent you accuse yourself.—Come to our own fair home; though sorrow now dwells there I promise you a free forgiveness—the finger of forgiveness will be averted when the story of your misfortunes is known—peace and comfort may yet be there."

What cannot hope achieve? In three months they returned again to their native city. Again the victim felt the warm kiss of her mother on her brow. She, the kind, the forgiving, would have joined her suffering daughter long ere this but for her precarious health. Happiness chastened by remembrance reigned in that dwelling once more, and the chief circumstance which contributed to the restoration of the daughter's health was the recovery of the mother.

### Chapter III.

A year had passed and the deserted wife found a channel for her scorned affections in the beautiful girl of whom she was the mother. All that was great and beautiful in the father centered in the sweet features of the child; and with the trusting hope of woman she dwelt on the thought that he would sometime return and do justice to them both. But all these flattering anticipations were soon over. She received a letter from her husband informing her of his intended marriage with a wealthy heiress, and offering her a handsome maintenance from the fortune he expected with his wife, if she made no opposition to the union; though he informed her, opposition would be of no avail, as she had no proofs of a marriage with herself. This was true; Mary had no proofs except the evidence of her sister, and she was ignorant of the name and residence of the clergyman who united them. Opposition was in truth useless; but she rejected his offer of support with the disdain it merited, and resolved to follow him to the West Indies and protest against his second marriage. It was several months before the wretched wife could raise the means of prosecuting her voyage; and when she did arrive at the desired spot, it was to have her worst fears more than confirmed. Capt. Pottinger was married, but he too had been deceived in supposing his new wife worth a fortune. Enraged by this unlooked for disappointment his rage knew no bounds. He had committed a crime for riches, and failed to attain the reward he anticipated. He spurned his second wife from him in wrath, and by his brutal treatment sent her to her grave two months before Mary's arrival. For this, together with a duel he had been engaged in, he was discharged from the army, and had started for the United States to escape the contempt of all that knew him. The unfortunate creature whose heart clung to him even in the lowest degradation, followed him with her child.

### Chapter IV.

Columbia, the land of the free, is also the home of the oppressed. There the exile forgets his sorrow—there the weary find rest. From a friend who had preceded her to the new world Mary found a warm reception on her arrival in New York after a tempestuous passage; but she could learn nothing of her husband. Their mutual labor more than supplied the simple wants of nature, and hope still led her on to exertion. Let me suppose two years to have revolved, two years of mingled sunshine and shower. It was a glowing evening in the month of June; Mary sat at the window gazing on the glorious sunset gild-

ing the western sky, streaming on the woods of Hoboken and slumbering on the bosom of the noble Hudson. Her friend was absent, and her little daughter Mary, now nearly three years old, was leaning upon her knee. The evening star arose pure, pensive and clear, like a solitary queen. Memory was busy weaving her motley and chequered web in the mind of the poor exile, and large tears were rolling slowly down her pale cheek, as she sung for the amusement of her beautiful child. The air to which she sung the following words was low and sweet as the autumnal breeze sighing for its summer playmates, the leaves and flowers.

### SONG.

A maiden sat'neath a willow tree—

Ah me! for the lady fair;

For her cheek was pale, as pale can be,

And dark was her flowing hair;

Yet once, in the pride of her early bloom,

With the fairest might she vie;

But sorrow veiled with its misty gloom

Her darkly melting eye.

And what is the cause of the maiden's wo?

And why should one so bright,

Weep all alone while the bleak winds blow

'Neath the chilly dews of night?

The lily white in its native dell,

That drank the pearly dew,

Was not more pure than young Christabel,

With her feelings fresh and true;

But the spoiler came with thoughts of guile;

She loved as women love;

He cherish'd her in his heart awile

As the hawk may fold the dove;

Her cheek grew pale and her eye grew dim,

Her sweet voice faint and low,

And her brain was turned with thoughts of him,

Who requitted love with wo.

Her friend entered as the last words were quivering on the lips of the fair mother, who was at first unconscious of her presence. "I have brought you a newspaper," said she, "which contains an account of the trial of one of our countrymen for forgery to a large amount, on the bank of —; it forms one of the principal topics of conversation about town, and I thought it might prove interesting to you." Mary took the paper from the hand of her friend, but let it suddenly fall on reading the title of the paragraph indicated.

"Trial of James Fitzsummons, alias Frederick Pottinger, for forgery."

"It is he—it is he!" cried the trembling exile, turning pale as death. "Who?—who?" demanded her friend, surprised and alarmed at this sudden burst of feeling on the part of her companion, who with difficulty gasped forth, "My husband!" Her friend was surprised, but had too much sense and feeling to ask an explanation of such a moment. In a few moments they were on their way to the prison, where a scene awaited poor Mary which I can hardly hope to describe.

The visitors were permitted to see the prisoner. As the door opened Mary gazed anxiously in. The faint glimmer of the lamp but dimly illuminated the gloomy cell, yet it was

sufficient for her to discover that the criminal was indeed her husband, but alas! how changed! Could that miserable attenuated form be the wreck of what was once so noble?—and that blood-shot eye and withered brow—could they indeed be the same which taught the gentle heart of Mary Travers to love?

For a moment he fixed his gaze listlessly on the two strangers, and then let his face fall again between his hands. Mary stepped tremblingly forward and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. He did not move. "Frederick," she said in a low stifled voice, "Frederick."

"Who speaks?" exclaimed the wretched man, springing up and wildly confronting her. Mary shrunk from the almost insane look he fixed upon her, and faltered out, "It is your wife, the mother of your child; but oh, Frederick, do not look at me thus."

A flash of joy illuminated his face for a moment, and he grasped her hand convulsively. It passed away and a cold sneer took its place. "And have you too come to add to my degradation, to place one more crime in a picture of fire before me?"

"No, no, Frederick," cried the distressed wife, throwing her arms about him, "no, I have been seeking for you in wretchedness and broken-hearted. Now I have come to live, to die with you, unless you again cast me from your bosom."

"To live with me!" said the husband bitterly, "and know you not that I am sentenced to six years in the state's prison?"

"I know all," said the poor woman mournfully, dropping her head on his bosom, "all, and yet will I live with you."

The guilty man shook with the power of his emotions, and with wild energy he clasped her to him. "Mary," he said in a choked voice, "this cannot be; but while I live the memory of this moment will cling to me for good."

"And why must I not remain with you?" she inquired.

"My companions will be criminals, my home a prison."

Her answer was in the beautiful language of woman's affections, "Thy home shall be my home, and whither thou goest thither will I follow thee."

Again the criminal remonstrated, but Mary was fixed in her purpose; and leaving her child with her friend, she followed her husband to his place of confinement. For six years was she the ministering angel in his abode of wretchedness; happier while performing the drudgery of a prison-house, with now and then a glimpse of her husband for her reward, than she had been since her separation from him. Nor was she without a higher recompense. When his term of imprisonment had expired, Pottinger entered the world an altered man. He returned with his wife and child to Europe, received the forgiveness of his parents, and filled his station in society with as much honor as one who has sunk so low can ever hope to attain. The rich have many friends. Mary was rich, but she never forgot the humble woman who took her to her bosom in a strange land.

New York, 1835. *Portland Magazine.*

#### A SKETCH.

It was on a bright and beautiful morning of May, that, for the first time in my life, I found myself on the ocean. Calm and peaceful it lay, like a vast mirror, reflecting the pure, spotless sky, from its polished surface, as yet unruffled by the slight morning breeze that swept over it. Our ship was there—her snow white sails glittering in the sunlight of the morning. Soon the breeze freshened and she rolled as if impatient to begin her course over the pathless waters. Then unfurling her sails, she moved on slowly at first, and proudly, as if conscious of her own powers, then dashed over the waters, throwing the foam from her sides in sparkling sheets, like a 'thing of life.' Soon the land receded from our view, and appeared like a speck on the distant horizon. It was sunset. And still our ship pursued her way over the trackless ocean. All was the same interminable 'waste of waters;' all was beautiful—was dazzling. The setting sun poured a flood of light upon the scene; and, as if unwilling to leave a sight so bright and beautiful, still lingered, and still added brilliancy to a scene that was already surpassingly lovely. At length it went down, and left the western sky tinged with hues of the richest crimson. As I paced the deck, a sensation of utter loneliness came over my mind, and I thought of those who made the cold, dark wave their pillow, and whose dirge alone had been the roar and the ceaseless rush of water. I cast one long, agonizing glance, in which the heart, soul, all the life of my existence was centred, towards the land of my birth. Never before had I thought of the chord that binds us to the land of our nativity, yet I found it strong and powerful.

The next morning I was aroused from my sleep by all hands being called on deck. We had been chasing a suspicious ship, with a long, low, black hull. She had for a long time stood off and on, for the purpose of ascertaining our strength. She had as yet shown no flag. We had overtaken her, and an action was inevitable. She now took no measures to conceal her real character; on the contrary, she raised a blood-red flag—cleared her deck for action, and advanced slowly and cautiously.—Never before, had I seen the latent energies of a brave and resolute man aroused. Yet now, as our captain ordered his ship cleared, his eye kindled, his brow contracted, and his lips were compressed with the air of a man resolutely determined. I had not observed him closely before. He was tall, and his figure commanding; every thing denoted a man of gigantic strength.—His eyes were generally expressive of great mildness, though now lit up by an expression of singular fierceness. Onward the pirate ship came, booming along over the waters, her dark hull presenting a strong contrast to the immense folds of canvass that filled her top. Soon we were able to mark her number of ports and the motly group upon her deck.—The conflict was long and doubtful. At length a man of giant proportions rushed into the fray, and dealt death and destruction to all who opposed him. He caught the eye of our cap-

tain, and the lightning is not swifter than was his attack. For a long time they struggled: at length they fell. It was then I marked them, and never till I die, can I forget that scene. The knee of the American was on the chest of the pirate, his hand encircling his throat with a cramp like tenacity. In the other hand was a bright glittering dirk. His eye was flashing forth such gleams of wrath, so bright, brilliant and intense, that he possessed the appearance of insanity. His victim rolled his eyes, and heaved his vast chest wildly for respiration. He struggled—as well might the child struggle in the Lyon's grasp, or the tiger in the clasp of a boa constrictor. The dirk passed three times into his chest, and with a long, wild terrific yell the dark and ungovernable spirit passed on to final account: and the hand that had carried anguish and death to many, was now palsied in death! \* \* \* Our ship was free and poured its fire into the devoted pirate.

It was again sunset, and again the glory of its setting was reflected from the clear, glassy surface of the sea. The pirate ship was there, yet not as before; now fast falling, yet still by her fire effectually driving away all assistance. At length she rolled so heavily that she dipped her yardarms alternately into the water. After laboring sometime, she pitched forward and sunk. For the space of a minute all was silent as the grave; then about twenty rose to the surface; the strong yelling like fiends in their despair and the women and children choking without effort.—Oh! 'tis fearful to see death in any form! But to see hundreds sink into the dark caverns of the deep; to see the mother clasp her infant and shriek; to see man struggle with the waves that overcome him; to hear him yell like a maniac in his great agony, and sink! Oh! 'twas doubly fearful! The waves closed over their heads, and they were gone—forever!

How little did the mother think when she clasped him, an infant, to her bosom, and kissed his young cheek; when she parted the curling hair from his fair brow, and gazed in his sunny face, that this was his destiny!—When in boyhood, she saw his expanding form; when in manhood, she gazed on it in all its manly pride—that one day it should be a prey for fish! Yet such was the decree of him who rules all things, and his ways are past finding out!

There is no profession in which a young man can propose to engage, in which, a taste for literature and general information, will not be of infinite service to him.—If it be (though that can scarce ever happen) not immediately necessary to his business, yet in his hours of leisure, he will derive therefrom, a fund of much real pleasure and benefit: nothing being more painful or disgusting, than a man flying from himself, for want of materials to entertain his own mind, when a well chosen book will so effectually supply them.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter; and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

## TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

## SCOTLAND.

By N. P. Willis.

Edinboro' has extended to "St. Leonard's," and the home of Jeanie Deans is now the commencement of the railway! How sadly is romance ridden over by the march of intellect!

With twenty-four persons and some climbers behind, I was drawn ten miles in the hour by a single horse upon the Dalkeith rail-road, and landed within a mile of Dalhousie Castle. Two "wee callants" here undertook my portmanteau, and in ten minutes more I was at the rustic lodge in the park, the gate of which swung hospitably open with the welcome announcement that I was expected. An avenue of nearly three quarters of a mile of firs, cedars, laburnums and larches, wound through the park to the castle; and dipping over the edge of a deep and wide dell, I found the venerable old pile below me, its round towers and battlemented turrets frowning among the trees, and forming, with the river which swept round its base, one of the finest specimens imaginable of the feudal picturesque. The nicely gravelled terraces, as I approached, the plate-glass windows and rich curtains, diminished somewhat of the romance; but I am not free to say that the promise they gave of the luxury within did not offer a succedaneum.

I was met at the threshold by the castle's noble and distinguished master, and as the light modern gothic door swung open on its noiseless hinges, I looked up at the rude armorial scutcheon above, and at the slits for the portcullis chains and rough hollows in the walls which had served for its rest, and it seemed to me that the kind and polished earl in his velvet cap, and the modern door on its patent hinges, were pleasant substitutes even for a raised drawbridge and a helmeted knight. I beg pardon of the romantic, if this be treason against Della Crusca.

The gong had sounded its first summons to dinner, and I went immediately to my room to achieve my toilet. I found myself in the south wing, with a glorious view up the valley of the Esk, and comforts about me such as are only found in a private chamber in England. The nicely fitted carpet, the heavy curtains, the well appointed dressing table, the patent grate and its blazing fire, (for where is a fire not welcome in Scotland?) the tapestry, the books, the boundless bed, the bell that will ring, and the servants that anticipate the pull—oh, you should have pined for comfort in France and Italy to know what this catalogue is worth.

After dinner, Lady Dalhousie, who is much of an invalid, mounted a small pony to show me the grounds. We took a winding path away from the door, and descended at once into the romantic dell over which the castle towers. It is naturally a most wild and precipitous glen through which the rapid Esk pursues its way almost in darkness; but, leaving only the steep rocky shelves leaning over the river with their crown of pines, the successive lords of Dalhousie have cultivated the banks and hills around for a park and a paradise. The smooth

gravel walks cross and interweave, the smoother lawns sink and swell with their green bosoms, the stream dashes on murmuring below, and the lofty trees shadow and overhang all. At one extremity of the grounds are a flower and fruit garden, and beyond it, the castle farm; at the other, a little village of the family dependants, with their rose-imbower cottages; and, as far as you would ramble in a day, extend the woods and glades, and hares leap across your path, and pheasants and partridges whirr up as you approach, and you may fatigue yourself in a scene that is formed in every feature for the gentle born and the refined. The labor and taste of successive generations can alone create such an Eden. Primogeniture! I half forgive thee.

The various views of the castle from the bottom of the dell are perfectly beautiful. With all its internal refinement, it is still the warlike fortress at a little distance, and bartizan and battlement bring boldly back the days when Bruce was at Hawthornden, (six miles distant,) and Lord Dalhousie's ancestor, the knightly Sir Alexander Ramsay, defended the ford of the Esk, and made himself a name in Scottish story in the days of Wallace and the Douglasses. Dalhousie was besieged by Edward the first and by John of Gaunt, among others, and being the nearest of a chain of castles from the Esk to the Petland Hills, it was the scene of some pretty fighting in most of the wars of Scotland.

Lord Dalhousie showed me a singular old bridle-bit, the history of which is thus told in Scott's Tales of a Grandfather:

"Sir Alexander Ramsay having taken by storm the strong castle of Roxburgh, the king bestowed on him the office of sheriff of the county, which was before engaged by the knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another person in his room, the knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from the hands of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered; and, being wounded, was hurried away, to the lonely castle of the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown into a dungeon (with his horse) where he had no other sustenance than some grain which fell down from a granary above; and after lingering awhile in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1412. Nearly four hundred and fifty years afterward, that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging among the ruins of Hermitage castle, broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones and a bridle-bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle-bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant earl of Dalhousie, a brave soldier, like his ancestor, Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended."

There is another singular story connected with the family which escaped Sir Walter, and which has never appeared in print. Lady

Dalhousie is of the ancient family of Coulston, one of the ancestors of which, Brown of Coulston, married the daughter of the famous Warlock of Gifford, described in Marmion. As they were proceeding to the church, the wizard lord stopped the bridal procession beneath a pear tree, and plucking one of the pears, he gave it to his daughter, telling her that he had no dowry to give her, but that as long as she kept that gift, good fortune would never desert her or her descendants. This was in 1270, and the pear is still preserved in a silver box. About two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation—the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the Coulstons in six centuries—thanks (perhaps) to the Warlock pear!

## CROSSING THE ALPS.

By T. S. Fay.

Much as we talk of nature, there are places where we feel that our previous conceptions have been dim and narrow. He who crosses the Alps, will experience this sensation, mingled with a certainty, that thousands of painters and poets, and millions of others, live and die without even suspecting the power of scenery over the mind. Our journey across the Splügen was, to us, a day memorable forever. Our recollections are of grandeur—gloomy vastness—awful solitude—eternal sublimity. There were moments, during the ascent, of a kind strange and new to me. Whoever seeks something "new under the sun," if he has dwelt on a plain, let him ascend a veritable mountain, and he will find it. Awe, amazement, gloom, wonder and rapture, during which you cannot smile, combine to elevate you. The road winds up, and up, and up—a mad stream, white with foam, thundering all day by its side—amid slopes and cliffs, forests and vales—then a plain and poor hut, or a ragged town and some beggars. You pause and rest; and then, again, up and up—winding and turning—sometimes through tremendous ravines—sometimes by magnificent waterfalls—sometimes along giddy and yawning gulfs—yet, still, always up and up. Then the face of the earth changes, and the grass fades nearly away, and the naked, everlasting rocks lift their gray backs through the soil. The tempests of six thousand years have beaten against them. Now, the road steals through a desert of endless stones, broken and scattered about—now through a long, dark gallery, wet and dripping—now at the brink of a tremendous precipice, which your imagination would receive as the summit of any mountain; but, anon, the toiling, panting, sweating horses drag you around an angle of rock; and, lo! above you overhang other cliffs and other mountains in the sky; piles, swells and pyramids of snow and ice; and, so near their awful heights as to startle you, the white line runs yet higher and higher, and you believe not that it is your path still so far above you—and yet it is. The earth is now totally changed. You wrap your heavy cloak around you in the biting cold. Dark clouds are rolling

gloomily over your path, and the white snow shines beneath you, and the winter wind shakes violently the glasses of your carriage; and, as the road, still mounting and bending up and up, turns your face now to the right—now to the left—you catch, far below, such awful gleamings of sublime scenery—such dim, wild depths of azure—such forms of cold blue lifted and built up around you in the eternal silence, and shrouded in mist and storm, that your very soul is hushed and chilled, and you feel as if Death, the king of terrors had here fixed his home; and, were a *spectre* to stand in your path, or to lean and beckon to you from his car of rolling mist, you would behold him without starting, for your imagination can scarcely be more excited. A cataract, which, on the plain, would draw all Europe to it as a fashionable resort, is here no curiosity. Its lonely thunder swells and dies away in the interminable solitude. Twenty times we thought ourselves at the height of this stupendous road, and yet its zig-zag course appeared ever mounting far before us up and up, till the cold grew extreme, and the darkness of night overlooked us; and we were completely lost and enveloped in heavy, wet clouds, rolling around us like a mighty ocean.

At length, the postillion, with his extra horses, announced that we were to commence the descent; and, unharnessing his beasts, returned at a full trot, toward Chiavenna. Gaspero had never before been here. It was now night. We were quite buried in cloud, and it commenced to rain. For a moment or two we were at a loss. Before us appeared only a brink, beyond which imagination painted a chasm of six or eight thousand feet. Gaspero stopped, and looked around, and we began to consider our resources for passing the night in the sky. At this moment, a gust swept our path. The white clouds floated off, and displayed our road descending in sudden angles down, down indefinitely. Off we started, upon a trot, committing ourselves to Providence. In little more than two hours, the roaring of the Rhine, through the village of *Splügen*, and the lights glimmering in the windows, announced our arrival; and we alighted, for the first time at a *Swiss Inn*.

#### THE LITERARY HABITS OF WALTER SCOTT.

The most voluminous author of his age—the age of book making—was a clerk of one of the Scottish Courts, and a Sheriff. He was, besides, an agriculturist with a large domain to superintend, a sportsman, and ardently devoted to the pleasures of society. The charming Abbotsford of Washington Irving, represents the mighty novelist as a man who apparently had nothing to do but lavish his time, attention and conversation on those around him. He seemed to lead a life of leisure and hap-hazard recreation, ever ready for a pleasuring party, a sporting excursion, or any other kind of enjoyment, in which the crowds of guests, by whom he was surrounded, were disposed to engage. Irving relates a story told him by his friend Wilkie, who had gone to Abbotsford to paint a picture of the Scott family. He found

the place crowded with guests, and the time of the excellent host entirely occupied either in driving about the country with his friends, or in social enjoyment at home. The painter could not ask him to sit for his portrait, for he saw that he had no time to spare. He accordingly waited until the crowd of guests had departed. The idea then occurred to him that a brief period of leisure to the novelist having arrived, he would shut himself up among his books and papers, and make up for lost time, and he said to himself “it won’t do for me now to ask him to sit for his picture.” He soon found himself undeceived, for the first interview that Scott had with his Steward, was to propose to him that they should go out the next day with the dogs in search of a hare. In short, adds the narrator, “I found that instead of business he was thinking only of amusement; so I no longer feared to intrude on him.” Those who knew and admired the genius of Scott, and considered him fully equal to the authorship of the *Waverly* novels, might, with a knowledge of his habits, have well doubted whether they were written by him. His time was to all appearance, wholly engrossed, either in his official duties, the management of his estate, pleasuring and sporting, or in conversation with his friends. He had not apparently a moment to spare.—All of his works were of a kind, requiring labor and research, and replete with historical and antiquarian lore. Truly the wonderful fertility with which these works were produced, under the circumstances above referred to, realizes more than any thing we are aware of, the idea of inspiration. Irving tells us that Scott was constantly talking while he was with him, and that volumes could scarcely have been better filled than with his delightful conversation. He must have composed with the same ease with which he talked. The more we dwell upon the character of this great and excellent man, the more we are lost in wonder and admiration. Apart from his literary greatness, he has fully realised the poets wishes, for “goodness and he fill up one monument.”

#### STUDY.

No one ever became eminent in any thing without patient study. It is the only key that will unlock the treasure house of knowledge. Genius and talent are of little use without it, and can never compass any great object unless by laborious research and profound investigation. We are too apt to forget, while considering with feelings of astonishment the enlarged scientific and philosophical acquirements of some men, that this amount of information was gained slowly and in regularly rising gradations; and, in most instances, during the time when other men were either idling away their leisure moments or slumbering on their pillows; yet this is the true history of their great knowledge.

There are but few men who have not leisure for acquiring extensive information. Much time is wasted in listlessness and inactivity after the usual business of the day has closed, until the mind becomes wearied and dissatisfied with its own idleness, which might be devoted to

the study of various branches of literature and science, and to the treasuring up of that which would be food to the craving intellect. There are but few who could not devote one, two, or three hours to study every day, by which means, in a few years, an invaluable amount of information might be gathered together. But even if close study were not entered into in these moments of freedom from business, there is much to be gained by reading the less abstruse productions of literary men—these will enlarge the capacity, and give the habit of thinking, besides leading on to the contemplation of various themes, until a more extended desire is created in the mind, and it turns to the considerations of that which is more abstract and difficult.

To young men the habit of study is of vital importance; and with it should be cultivated the habit of thinking and investigation. No day should go by without some addition to the stock of information, and no subject be allowed to pass from under review without its being fully comprehended.

One great injury which is sustained by young men in the pursuit of knowledge, arises, frequently, from an eagerness to grasp too much at once. They fall in love with every science and every branch of literature, and anxious to gather up all at once, they are constantly, like the bee, sipping at this flower, and then glancing off to the next, without extracting from either a tithe of the hidden treasure which careful and abstracted study would open to their grasp. For the acquirement of any particular science the mind must come perfectly free to its investigation. One branch mastered and the enquirer is beyond the threshold of the temple of learning, with the key in his hand that unlocks every apartment. But if the first principles are played with, it is labor spent for little profit and less promise.

*Baltimore Young Men's Paper.*

#### A MOTHER'S TEAR.

There is a sweetness, a sacredness in a mother's tears, when they fall on the face of a dying babe, which no eye can behold with a heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears her mocking, and here woman shows not her weakness, but her strength. It is that strength of attachment which man never did nor never can feel. It is perennial, dependant on no climate, no changes, nor soil; but alike in storms as in sunshine, it knows no shadow or turning. A father when he sees his child going down the dark valley, may weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears may say, ‘I will go down to the grave to my son mourning;’ but he turns away in the hurry of business, the tear is wiped, and though when he returns to his fireside, the sportive laugh comes up to his remembrance, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of grief, and it finds no permanent seat. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart, where it was first entwined. In the dreaming

hours of night she sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she 'seeks it in the morning,' and 'she goes to the grave to weep there.' Its little toys are carefully laid aside as sacred mementos, to keep continually alive that thrilling anguish, which the dying struggle and last sad look produced; and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals, yet she finds a luxury in her tears, a sweetness in her sorrow, which none but a mother ever tasted.

#### AN EXTRACT.

There are but few sources of genuine pleasure;—the toper whilst sipping the sparkling foam arising from the lively and sportful champagne, dreams of bliss, and believes for the moment, that he has entered the mansions of unending happiness; but, when the vision has past, when reason reascends her throne, and resumes her potent sway, he wakes from his transient lethargy, and finds that the pleasure, which, but a few hours ago, rested like a halo upon his heart, hath fled from his grasp forever, and

"Left not a wreck behind."

The ambitious conqueror, having despoiled and desolated half the globe, and elevated himself far above the ranks of his fellow men,—beholds the mighty of the earth humbling themselves at his feet,—shouting with a loud voice the praises of his name, and the omnipotence of his power, becomes at length dissatisfied with himself, and gazes with a longing eye upon that which is not as yet his own,—the pride of his former victories forsake him, the glory that he has already achieved, vanishes, the wreath of immortality which encircles his brow fades away, and the happiness that he imagined to have been his, disappears like the phantom of uneasy slumbers.

Well and truly may it be said that there are but few sources of pleasure—the epicure feasts him to his heart's content, and he rises from the banquet with his desires satiated; but the joy he promised himself ceases with the cause. The miser treasures up his golden stores, and dissipates his useless life in misery and shame; for the thought of being deprived of his dearly beloved riches, is constantly recurring to his mind, and as constantly brings tormenting anxiety and suspense; and the instrument which should afford unmixed pleasure, brings with it its quantum of pain.

Then where may we look for happiness? shall we find it in the gorgeous palaces of kings? No! for there schemes of ambition and future aggrandizement occupy the attention of those who are clad in the rich vestments of royalty. Shall we find its radiant light shining beneath the roof of a hovel? No! for the inmates are discontented with their lot, and long to revel in the luxuries of the great and the affluent.

But in the hearts of the benevolent you will find it existing, pure and undefiled as a ray darted from the burning face of the sun.—'Tis only there that it can be found, 'tis there only that it can glow in all its original fervor and brightness; for the pleasure arising from acts of kindness, will never evaporate, but dif-

fuses itself throughout the whole system, and concentrated in a fathomless fountain of happiness and delight; and as the earth is quickened by the refreshing showers of heaven, so will the soul be refreshed from this perennial spring.

Benevolence, or a desire to advance the fortunes of others by contributing to their aid, may be considered as one of the few sources of earthly happiness; if we can consider ourselves as the cause of the bettering the condition of one of our fellow beings there is a satisfaction in the thought in which the mind loves to envelope itself, for it brings contentment and peace; and all lesser considerations for the time, are swallowed up in this all absorbing and exhilarating feeling.

*Mr. Editor*—The following lines, familiarly addressed to a friend residing abroad, who had recently returned from a voyage to Havanna in fruitless pursuit of health, written in New-Hampshire, in May, 18—, are at your disposal.

N.

#### Original.

And did Havanna's breezes bring no breath of health to thee?

Nor was it wafted on the wing of zephyrs on the sea?

The sea! where invalids oft find the springs of life renewed,

When vast and beauteous scenes combined, are oft with rapture viewed!

Do fell disease and languor prey on thy enfeebled frame,

Consuming that by slow decay, which feeds the vital flame?

Heaven forbid it should be so! and calm our rising fears,

And grant thee yet in scenes below many and happy years!

Why not thy native breeze inhale—our fresh, salubrious air?

Blows on the earth a purer gale?—What land is half so fair?

Our fields are drest in loveliest green, our orchards decked with flowers;

Delightful every woodland scene, melodious our bowers.

Our rivers (each in beauty glides,) roll on in silvery floods;

The — yields the finny tribes, and finest game, our woods;

Our fountains send forth waters sweet,—our gardens neat, afford

Many a vegetable treat, to crown the social board.

Here are thy earliest rural haunts, where erst thou loved to stray,

When oft in deep poetic trance, thy hours were past away;

When thou the classic page wouldst read,—and linger, linger still,

T'admire the beauties of the mead, the skies, the far off hill.

Books, literary friends, at will, when each may please thee most;

Physicians eminent for skill— —, himself a host;

In fine, the *niciest* invalid may here be gratified,

And have his most capricious need with readiness supplied.

Haste then, to thy own native clime, our wholesome atmosphere,

If health is ever to be thine, thou may'st regain it here:

Here, kind attentions from the heart shall soothe thy pains away;

And all that friendship can impart, shall cheer each tedious day.

Think'st thou affection may be chilled by time and distance?—No!

The heavenly flame's subsisting still, with pure and fervent glow,

Deep in our hearts it shall subsist, and warmer, brighter burn,

Till life itself no more exist, and we to dust return.

Imagine thou the gath'ring fears, "the gloomy doubts that rise,"

The silent gush of sorrowing tears, the secret, mournful sighs

Of these thy early, constant friends through many a year gone by;—

O! come relieve their sad suspense, or send the reason why.

Yet if the Power who holds the keys—the keys of life and death,

And how, and whensoever He please, resumes our vital breath—

If He, our Father, call thee Home, ere we thy face shall see,

The bliss of spirits round His throne, we hope to share with thee!

#### FEMALE EDUCATION.

##### Original.

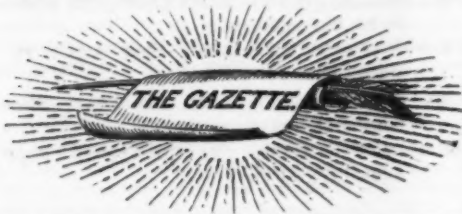
Fontenelle said, "Women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men."

As regards the first of these assertions we readily admit it, but the second is very doubtful, and will bear an examination.

By 'a cell less in the brain,' the writer would have us understand that females are not capacitated to receive such an extensive education as males. This is all moonshine—bare assertion without the least shadow of evidence. It is indeed true, however, that our sex is not so generally educated at present, as the males. And why? For the very obvious reason, we have not had the same privileges of attending to the cultivation of our minds. It was a maxim of our great grand fathers and mothers, that if girls knew how to milk, spin, and mend stockings, with a slight knowledge of reading and writing, they were amply qualified for all the duties of a married life; and this opinion—to our shame be it spoken—is more or less cherished in this era of enlightened understanding. Sweep this away. Give us the

same chances with the males, and we shall soon see whether we deserve the application of Fontenelle's remarks. Mrs Moore, Mrs Norton, Mrs Hemans, and Mrs Sigourney are examples, among hundreds of others, of the capability of females to attain a *fashionable* as well as a *liberal* education; *i. e. of having brains as capacious and as well filled as those of the other sex.*

ELIZA.



CONCORD, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1835.

Edited by an Association of Gentlemen.

With the present number of the Gazette we complete the first quarter of the second volume. Its publication will now be suspended for a few weeks, that one effort more may be made to extend its circulation. Having been assured by many of our friends that, should the publication be changed from a weekly to a semi-monthly, and the terms thereby reduced to one dollar per year, there would be no lack of patronage, we were induced, at the close of the first six months, to make the proposed alteration, but regret to say that we have been disappointed in the result. We have within the last six weeks, (notwithstanding the *false* assertion of the editor of the Courier, that we were losing subscribers,) received more additional names than during any former period of the same duration, still many more are necessary to warrant us in proceeding farther. It would be an easy matter, were our friends disposed to use a little exertion, to double the present number of our patrons, which would give the Gazette a permanent standing among other periodicals of the day. Should the requisite number of subscribers be obtained, and we doubt not they may be, our sheet will again appear before the public, when we hope to continue the Biographical Sketches commenced in our last volume.

THE EULOGY UPON LAFAYETTE, delivered before the Executive and Legislative departments of our State government on the 17th instant, by the *Hon. N. G. Upham*, was a very creditable performance. The speaker succeeded in giving a correct and somewhat full delineation of the life and character of that distinguished man, and, what is the best proof of the interest awakened, in securing the attention of his auditors through nearly two hours occupied in its delivery. The method

of treating the subject was very similar to that pursued by Ex-President Adams in his address last winter before the National authorities, and how the two productions will compare in point of execution, our readers can decide when they shall have had an opportunity of perusing both. The Legislature has ordered a thousand printed copies of Judge Upham's work, which will give it the circulation among our citizens merited by the occasion that called it forth. It will form a pamphlet, of from forty to sixty pages. Perhaps we may say something of its literary deserts hereafter.

PHRENOLOGY is at present occupying considerable space in some of our newspapers. Essays, written with considerable ability, both for and against the doctrine, have appeared in the Spectator and Argus, at Newport; but what is of the greatest importance, and must forever be remembered in the annals of the science, the Editor of the N. H. Observer, in his paper of the 19th inst., has an article, elaborated with great profundity of thought and acuteness of argument, in which the merits and demerits of the system are most wonderfully discussed and very beautifully illustrated. The writer manifests so intimate an acquaintance with all other systems of mental philosophy, such a perfect comprehension of the bearings and tendencies, the nature and consequences of this, that want of room ought to be our only apology for refusing so precious a morceau an insertion in our columns. Yet we can only mention where it may be found, trusting that the curiosity of every one will prompt to the careful study of so meritorious and all-decisive a treatise.

THE ALEXANDRIAN, a republication of standard classical authors, of which we have heretofore spoken in favorable terms, we would again commend to the notice of all those desirous of obtaining a large amount of information for a trifling pecuniary expense. The first twenty numbers contain the whole of *D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*, 1st and 2d series, his *Literary Character*, *Combe on the Constitution of Man*, and the deservedly popular *Essays of Foster*; and all for one dollar and twenty-five cents, printed on good paper, in octavo form.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, the prospectus of which will be found in another column and from which much more can be learned of its character than we have time to say, is eminently worthy of patronage. The numbers already issued can be seen at this office.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The May and June numbers of this Magazine have just arrived, and although at this late day, we cannot refrain from giving them a passing notice. These numbers are filled with useful and most excellent matter, and we hesitate not when we pronounce it the best work of the kind published in this country. Among other original papers which they contain, are The Chinese Nations and Languages, American Literature, English Caricatures, Literary Notices, &c.

There was an error in the statement, contained in our last, that Rev. Mr. May was distinguished for his recent Anti-Slavery publications. Something of his has appeared in the public prints, but nothing, we believe of much celebrity.

Correction. In the second line, third verse of the poetry on our last page, signed 'Eliza,' the word 'the' should be omitted.

Those persons indebted for the Gazette up to this time are requested to make payment immediately. Money may be forwarded by mail at our risk.

#### NEWS.

**Sudden Death.**—The Hon. Amos Davis, late a Representative in Congress from Kentucky, died very suddenly of bilious cholera, at Owingsville, in Bath county, on Friday night, week. He was a candidate for re-election, and on Friday addressed the citizens of Bath county in a speech of two or three hours continuance, and concluded without any apparent exhaustion. Shortly after, however, he was violently attacked with the disease which, before 10 o'clock at night, terminated at once his political and earthly career.—*Paris Kentucky paper.*

**Caution to Post Masters.**—The Editor of the Philadelphia Times, has recovered judgment against a Post Master, for not informing him of a paper not taken from his office. This is a serious evil which most printers have to bear. We hope the post masters in this State, will see that publishers are not injured by papers not being taken from the office.

**Robbery.**—A trunk belonging to the Merrimack Bank at Haverhill, was opened while on the stage coach, between Boston and Haverhill, on Friday last, and bills to the amount of \$2000, and a large number of drafts, notes, acceptances, and checks, stolen therefrom.—A reward of one thousand dollars has been offered for the recovery of the property and the detection of the thief.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Samuel Dyer, the celebrated composer of sacred music, committed suicide at Hoboken, New Jersey, on Friday morning last. He was the author of "Dyer Collection of Music."

Twenty-two hundred families are about emigrating from New York city to Illinois, to establish a township by themselves.

## POETRY.

## GOOD AND ILL TOGETHER.

Original.

"O ye hours, ye sunny hours !  
Floating lightly by,  
Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
Odours and blue sky." *Mrs. Hemans.*

No, alas! we've few of such,  
(Genius makes reply,)  
Sunny some—yet cloudy much,  
Hours are floating by.

True we've birds of plumage gay,  
Flowers of the finest hue;  
The songs of those will cheer the day,  
And these will chain the view.

But soon, alas, the wheels of time  
Bring hours of deepest sorrow,  
The birds are flown, the flowers, so fine,  
Are faded ere the morrow.

So life is one continued scene  
Of good and ill together;  
To-day is fine and all serene,  
To-morrow, stormy weather.

This hour is one of happiness,  
The next of heavy woe,  
In sorrow now, and now in bliss—  
'Tis laden thus that hours go.

ELIZA.

## AN ABSENT FRIEND.

They tell me he is changed—that time  
Has thinned his hair, and marked his brow,  
And altered him so much, that I  
Should scarcely know him now.  
It may be so; yet it were strange,  
If time had left no trace behind,  
Whereby the memory of a friend,  
Might some resemblance find.

It may be so. They say that grief  
Has stolen the bloom of health away,  
Yet left a flush in either cheek,  
As if to mock decay.

They say that busy care has been  
At work within his heart so long,  
That the free thoughts of youth are lost  
Its tangled web among.

They hinted that his early love  
Was lingering in his bosom yet;  
Strange, that in man faith should be found,  
That he should not forget!  
It may be so—but much I doubt,  
If such, indeed, the truth can be;  
'Tis so unlike all that has passed  
Within my memory.

They tell me he has toiled for wealth,  
And found it in a foreign land;  
But fortune's treasures have been bought  
Full dearly at his hand.  
For health is wrecked, amid the hopes  
Which float upon life's treacherous wave,  
And now, they say, his gold may buy,  
Perhaps, a stranger's grave!

They speak of it in careless tones,  
And idly breathe their prophecy;  
As if the thought of losing him,  
Were nothing, but to me.  
They do not know the loneliness  
Death has already round me cast,  
The gloom upon the future thrown,  
The difference of the past.

But ah, they tell me he is changed!  
That memory would in vain recall  
The looks, the smiles of other days,  
That he has lost them all!  
It may be so—I cannot tell—  
The outward signs, I do not see.  
An altered heart is all I fear,  
For that was all to me.

N. Y. Mirror.

## WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

The affection of a woman is deeply planted in her bosom, and though it may not be conspicuous amid the sunshine of life, yet when the dark clouds lower, and danger or difficulty menaces the object of her attachment, this noble feeling stands forth revealed, and gives a tone to every action. It is this deep enduring feeling which urges her to attempt deeds, from which the soul of man would shrink. It has been well said that man may indeed write on constancy, but how truly can woman act it.

In Bertrand's Plague of Marseilles, an affecting incident is related, which shows the disinterested feeling which characterizes female attachment. A young woman was attacked with the Plague. She was well aware of the nature of the horrid disease—and seemed only anxious that her husband should escape. During her illness, she uniformly refused all assistance from him—nor would suffer him to approach her—and carrying the cares for his safety even beyond the term of her life, when she found her last hour approach she desired him to throw her the end of a long cord, which she fastened round her body, enjoining him with her expiring breath not to touch her corpse, but to drag her by means of this cord to her grave.

## SADNESS.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still, it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and, like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

Applause is the spurn of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

## REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

The fifty-second number of the Republic of Letters will close the first year of the work. It was commenced as an experiment—the liberal patronage it has received, as well as the favor bestowed upon other works of a like kind which have followed in its track, shows that the plan of the work is approved, and has given it a permanency which induces the publisher to make such alterations and improvements as he believes will be acceptable to subscribers, and give it a further claim upon the reading community.

Since the work has been in the hands of the present publisher, he has endeavored to ascertain as far as practicable, the views of the subscribers in relation to one or two matters important to the interest of the work.

The first is in relation to a change in its form. It has been the opinion of the present publisher from the first, that the octavo form—being one half the present size, would be preferable; and he is gratified that the subscribers with whom he has been enabled to confer, have almost unanimously expressed the same opinion. The form of the work will therefore be changed at the commencement of the second year to octavo, each number containing thirty-two pages.

The second point is, in relation to the selections for the work. The opinions of subscribers in this are extremely various—so much so as to render it impossible to satisfy all. Thus far it has been our object to give as much variety as possible, and at the same time to introduce into each volume one or two works of some magnitude. Some objection has been made to works which necessarily occupy from eight to ten numbers—as far as practicable this will in future be avoided.

The "Republic of Letters" is a reprint of Standard Literature; works, therefore, that are new and ephemeral, are necessarily excluded.

The future volumes will embrace more of historical works, biography, and travels, than hitherto.

The first number of the second year will contain "Elia," by Charles Lamb, one of the most beautiful and popular works of the time—to be followed by Voltaire's Peter the Great—Calamities of Authors, by D'Israeli, &c.; and in the course of the volume will be published some volumes of History, prepared under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner, by Sir Walter Scott, T. Moore, Esq. Mackintosh, and others.

The work will be published weekly as heretofore, at 6 1-4 cents per number, at three dollars per year to those who receive the work by mail, and pay in advance. Post Masters throughout the United States are requested to act as agents.

All subscribers who now receive the work by mail, are requested to forward their subscription for the second year if they wish the work continued to them.

The two volumes contain the following works, and may be had, bound or in numbers:—

The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie; The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith; The Tales of the Hall, by Crabbe; The Letters of Lady Wortley Montague; Rasselas, by Dr. Johnson; Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole; The Old English Baron, by Clara Reeve; Dr. Franklin's Life and Essays; Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, by Wilson; The Adventures of Gil Blas, from the French of Le Sage, by Smollet; Julia de Bouigne, by Mackenzie; Mazepa, by Lord Byron; The Tapestry Chamber, by Walter Scott; The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Hood; Zeluco, by Dr. Moore; Essays, moral, economical, and political, by the Lord Chancellor Bacon; Chevy Chase; L'Allegro, by Milton; Il Penseroso, by Milton; Italian and Spanish Proverbs; The History of Charles XII., by Voltaire; Manfred, by Lord Byron; Ali's Bride, a Tale by T. Moore, Esq.; Elizabeth, by Mad. Cotton; Retaliation, by Goldsmith; The Man of the World, by Mackenzie; Gulliver's Travels, by Swift; Essay on the human understanding, by Locke; Don Quixote, by Cervantes; Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by himself; The Diary of an Invalid; The Deserted Village, by Goldsmith; Life of Henry Lord Bolingbroke; Belisarius, by Marmontel.

All communications relating to the work to be addressed to the subscriber, GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 38 Gold Street.

All publishers of Newspapers throughout the United States, who will insert the above and forward a copy of the paper, shall receive the work for one year, commencing with the second year.

Subscriptions received at this office.



Original pieces in the Literary Garland

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Sketch of the Life of Herder               | 3                   |
| The Nature & source of Heat                | 3                   |
| Soft winds their blow over Jordan's stream | 3-                  |
| The Haunted Skeleton                       | 4                   |
| Termination of the war in Portugal &c      | 7                   |
| William Roscoe                             | 9                   |
| A Fragment                                 | 11                  |
| Commencement                               | 11                  |
| Reading                                    | 15                  |
| 'Tis Greece                                | 15-                 |
| The Indians                                | 15                  |
| Song of the Mountain Shepherd &c.          | 24-                 |
| Astronomy                                  | 31                  |
| Hope                                       | 35-                 |
| History                                    | 37                  |
| Heat                                       | 38                  |
| Hunt                                       | 61                  |
| The Grave Yard                             | 64-                 |
| Imitations                                 | 69-                 |
| If I were a child                          | 107-                |
| Passage of the Green Mountains             | 108                 |
| United States Capitol                      | 122                 |
| The Mountain Shepherd                      | 168-                |
| The Nature of Things                       | (X.S.) 11. 198. 178 |
| Memory & Hope                              | " 38-               |